

# Hate To Be A Bother

Joywave

I close my eyes and the dark calms me down  
A little quiet refuge, that I have found

I think I'm over all the hyperbolic chambers that sucked me in  
Now it's me and my old friend SportsCenter just living

I hate to be a bother, but could you leave me the fuck alone?  
I've been meaning to call you sometime, if I could just pick up  
my phone  
And I've been trying so hard to get out of the haze  
Pushing back the curtains almost every day  
'Cause I've still got your number, I just can't pick up my phone

I took a break from the race, opting out  
A trivial pursuit that doesn't need me now

I think I'm over all the hyperbolic chambers that sucked me in  
I'm no longer accepting feedback from strangers, it's just too  
grim

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Hey there. It's me. Don't leave a message after the beep

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